

Miss Anna J. Winsdale.

WE ALL WEAR CLOAKS

SONG

Full of fun and good nature

COMPOSED BY

S. M. GRANTIS.

Author of "Do they miss me at home" &c.

25¢ Nett.

BUFFALO.

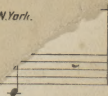
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WE ALL WEAR CLOAKS.

Music by S. M. CRANNIS.

Arranged by GEO. W. CHAMBERLAIN.

VIVACE.

3. The dan-dy in mi-li-ta-ry
 1. When I came to town late-ly I
 2. Why not? for I'll prove In the

Still wears his cloak, And thinks a ci-gar Is the tif-fy to smoke; With his
 found-'tis no joke, Men Wo-men and Children, Were all wearing cloaks; So I
 course of life's pother, We, all of us wear a cloak Some time or other; For them

fine frill and wristbands He makes a great show, But take off his cloak, 'Tis all

says to myself, Do as oth.. er folks do, And to be in the fashion We'll
none but must own, Howe'er great is their pride, There are somethings, 'Tis sometimes con..

dick..ey, you know. For we all wear cloaks &c.

wear a cloak too. For we all wear cloaks, We all wear cloaks, To
..ve-nient to hide. For we all wear cloaks &c.

he in the Fashion, We all wear cloaks.

legato.

4.

Young Miss with her beauty—
 Her airs and her graces,
 In the hood of her cloak
 Often carries two faces;
 Her lover declares
 She's an angel uncommon,
 Till she throws off her cloak,
 When he finds she's a woman.
 For we all wear cloaks.

6.

The Lawyer a cloak wears
 As well as the lover,
 So many old suits
 He has always to cover;
 His cloak once thrown off,
 Shows a great deal of evil;
 For instead of the Lawyer,
 Oh, there is the — (Devil.)
 For we all wear cloaks.

8.

Some Clergymen there are,
 Of the hypocrite stock,
 Who care more for the fleece
 Than they do for the flock:
 You may always know such
 Before you instal—
 For the larger the salary,
 The louder the call.
 For we all wear cloaks.

5.

The Lover, till wed,
 Seems to court beauty's sway,
 And says he but lives
 Her commands to obey;
 But once tightly noosed
 In the conjugal yoke,
no as I tell you, madam!
 For off goes his cloak.
 For we all wear cloaks.

7.

The Doctor will boast
 Of his skill, and the way
 To lengthen out life
 And cheat death of his prey:
 He has a grand panacea
 For every ill,
 And when he's no Lancet,
 He'll bleed with a Bill.
 For we all wear cloaks.

9.

The Singer will sing you
 A song for your self,
 With his eye on your purse,
 And his thoughts on himself;
 The ring of the spelter
 Is his key note— I choke,
 So, I pray you excuse me,
 And I'll keep on my cloak.
 For we all wear cloaks.

